

Victim of Bloat Part 2

Emily stared at her empty plate. It sat at the edge of a table partially hidden from view by her overgrown mammaries. Cleavage sloped from her collarbones to the tabletop before diving below and over her legs and resting on the cold tile floor. Finding a comfortable position with such massive breasts was challenging; either they pinned her legs in place, or she made the mistake of spreading her thighs and allowing her bust to flow between them. Either predicament was a difficult situation to rectify in the end.

GUUUURRRRGLE

“N-Nnngh...”

Jon glanced over from the sink at the sound of her groan. “You alright?”

Nodding, she tenderly rubbed the side of her chest. It had been a while since her last milking and she could feel herself becoming full once more. It would be best to empty her engorged glands soon, or risk swelling to far larger sizes.

“Just a little swelling... I-I think it’s time to empty them again.”

Jon approached and grabbed her empty plate. “I’ll wash this and then we’ll get you hooked up!”

Emily didn’t respond. She was too busy thinking about what had become of her life since contracting the merciless bloating virus spreading across the female population. Those unfortunate, or fortunate, enough to contract it were left in varying states of bodily engorgement. Some simply overfilled their shirts. Others swelled to the point of immobility.

Emily found herself on the extreme end of the swollen spectrum. At their worst, her breasts saw fit to bloat into mammoth, bed-collapsing behemoths leaving her stranded atop a pile of heaving flesh. At their best, they extended from her torso to the floor as pale teardrops. Regardless of their size, her breasts raged with intense sensitivity and produced milk constantly. A small trail of white puddles would often lead one to her location.

“Stupid things...” Emily grumbled while sinking a hand into their depths. They gurgled back, unaware of the lifestyle changes they’d wrought.

Visits from a doctor occurred every other day to monitor her levels of swelling. The government remained clueless as to the source of the virus and its long-term effects. This meant those most affected were kept under constant watch. So many different hands and eyes had never inspected Emily’s breasts so frequently. She felt more like a sideshow at a circus than a girl experiencing an extraordinary amount of swelling.

The rest of her life had been placed on hold. Her employer and college were both understanding of the situation, though could only accommodate her so far. Online classes would substitute her education for the time being. Her source of income was an issue that remained to be fixed. A small assistance check from the government would help her through the initial hardships while the world reacted to its swollen females.

Perhaps the most annoying aspect of contracting the virus was her female friends. Many offered their assistance and condolences, though in the end only hoped to contract the virus. A part of Emily couldn't blame them; most of her friends were incredibly flat and had always been vocal in their envy of her ample C-cups. After being forced to live with a pair of gargantuan breasts with milky minds of their own, however, she grew angry at their blind envy. They didn't understand how difficult life had become. If caught, the virus wasn't guaranteed to leave them with the perfect pair of FF-cups they dreamt of. More likely they would find themselves struggling to stand. Emily tried to communicate the hardships of large breasts but her friends refused to listen. In the end, she decided it was best to cut them out of her life until her situation improved.

CLANK!

"Oops!" Jon scrambled to catch a plate when it slipped from his hands.

Emily sighed and stared at her friend with benefits. In her several weeks of learning to live with her monstrous chest, Jon was her rock. Moving around the house was enough to leave her gasping for air even with his help. A wheelbarrow provided assistance when she was lucky enough to fit within its confines. On the more swollen days, there was no choice but to stay in bed and wait for the bloat to recede.

These were the times when Jon truly put the friend in friend with benefits. He was her provider. In the weeks since contracting the virus, he'd come to live as a roommate and take care of her in ways she no longer could. He cooked, cleaned, and helped wash her when she couldn't wash herself. Most importantly, he was a sane person to keep her company. Jon wasn't an envious friend hoping to catch the virus, nor was he a scientist prodding her like an experimental piece of meat. Jon had been there from the start and even tried his best to help quell her ravaging bloat when her transformation took place. They had been good friends before and enjoyed countless sexual encounters. But now, as Emily caught Jon staring at her bloated chest, she couldn't understand why she blushed so hotly and failed to meet his wandering gaze.

GUUUUUURRRRGLE

"Ahh!" Emily gasped when her milk pressure rose. It was past time.

"Sorry, I'm almost done here!" Jon promised.

Emily groaned and stood up, dragging her chest toward a waiting wheelbarrow. There was still time before her milk truly became an issue, but she had to escape Jon's gaze. She couldn't bear to be seen ever since her swelling. Embarrassment and shyness ravaged her mind. This struck her as odd considering the devious sexual acts they had performed in the past. There was no inch of her body Jon was stranger to, and yet, letting him see her massive chest was too much.

"Nnngh!"

BWOOOMPH

BWOOOMPH

The wheelbarrow creaked when Emily heaved her chest into its confines.

“Em, I’ll help if you just wait!”

“I-I got it!” she assured, grabbing the handles and lifting. “I’ll meet you in there. I think this milk needs to come out sooner rather than later... Wouldn’t want to get stuck in the kitchen like last time!”

The wheelbarrow squeaked with her weight as if taunting Emily. Once in her room, she wheeled herself onto the edge of the bed where she removed her breasts and sat on the mattress. The carpet was far more comfortable against her skin than the kitchen tile. Seeing the milk machine waiting in the corner, Emily prepared herself for Jon’s arrival by throwing a blanket over her chest.

“Ok! Let’s get those puppies drained,” Jon said happily moments later.

Emily remained quiet when he took hold of two large nipple adaptors. When he knelt in front of her chest and lifted the blanket to find her nipples, she resisted releasing a small squeak of embarrassment.

SHUCK

SHUCK

SHUCK

SHUCK

“*M-Mmnngh...!*”

The milk machine came to life and began draining Emily’s contents. A rhythmic whirring filled her room over the sounds of her labored breath.

“Let me know when they’re almost done, ok?” Jon said tenderly while getting up to give her privacy. “I’ll be in the living room on the--”

“J-Jon, wait...”

He paused and noticed a timid expression on Emily’s face. She couldn’t look him in the eyes, but it was clear she wanted to talk.

“What is it?”

“Can you...sit with me for a bit?”

He was taken aback. It was the first time she’d requested something of the sort. After her bloating, Emily’s demeanor had drastically changed from the outgoing, sexually adventurous girl he knew.

“Uh... Sure!”

The mattress sagged when he sat next to her. They listened to the sound of her pumping milk until Emily spoke.

“T-This is kind of awkward, isn’t it...?”

Jon shook his head. “I don’t think so. I’ve seen your boobs *plenty* of times before this.”

“Yea... But before I caught the virus, you’ve never seen the like this... A-And you never saw me act like...*that*.”

Jon knew she was referring to her uncontrollable lust on the night of her engorgement. Being a slave to the virus, Emily’s libido skyrocketed to a frightful state. She couldn’t remember

exactly what she did, said, or how she acted, but she knew she had said and done several things she never would have performed in front of another person. Even Jon.

“That wasn’t your fault,” Jon reminded. “You couldn’t help what you did or said!”

“Still!!” Emily’s face turned red. “You were there for the *entire thing!* Y-You saw *everything*... I’m grateful you held me back as best you could... I don’t like knowing I was out of control...”

Jon chuckled. “You were basically begging me to fuck you.” He quieted his laughter when he saw Emily’s face redden further.

“And you didn’t take advantage of me... I probably would have destroyed my apartment if it weren’t for you.”

SHUCK

SHUCK

SHUCK

She stared at her nipples tenting the edge of the blanket. “I just don’t see how you could possibly see me that same after everything.”

“What are you talking about?? You’re still--”

“I’m so *gross now!*” Emily blurted. “*How can you stand to look at me when I have tits the size of bean bags?! I’m a freak who can’t even take care of herself because of her own boobs!*!”

Jon showed no hesitation. Turning towards her, he said in a soft tone, “Em, I love everything about you. I don’t care if your chest is flat or filling this room floor to ceiling; it’s yours and because of that I love it.” He placed a hand on top of a breast and felt it churn with milk. Emily jumped at his touch. “I think they’re beautiful. And they’re even more beautiful because they’re attached to you.”

Moisture glistened in Emily’s eyes. “R...Really? You don’t think they’re too big?”

“I would love them at any size.”

Emily couldn’t contain her emotions. Lunging at Jon, she embraced him in a hug as her chest sloshed with fullness.

“*Nnngh...!*” she grunted, rubbing them. “S-Still too full...”

They glanced down as the blanket slid to the floor. A noticeable bulge in Jon’s pants brushed against Emily’s hand. Looking into each other’s eyes, it wasn’t long before their lips met for the first time in weeks.

SLOOOOSH

Emily fell back onto the bed under the weight of her chest. With Jon’s help as theirs hands ran over each other, she was positioned in the center of the mattress. Hoses wound from her nipples to the milking machine, though neither paid them any mind at this point.

“J-Jon...” Emily whispered when he straddled her hips. She allowed him to remove her pajamas and panties, the deed out of sight from behind her massive bust. The heat of his cock fell

upon her hips when his pants came undone. He leaned over her chest, caressing her soft skin as their genitals approached.

“This is...*mmngh*...just going to make them bigger, you know...” Emily warned.

Jon smiled. “I don’t care.” He plunged into her waiting loins.

“*MMMNGH!!! O-Oooohhhhh yes!!!*”

The effects on Emily’s chest were instant. Arousal and heat pushed her sensitivity through the roof. Awakened the virus, her skin shifted and stretched slightly under Jon’s torso.

“*Ahh!! T-They’re growing again!!*” Emily squeaked. “*I’m bloating!!*”

“Let them.”

SLLOOOOOSH

Jon nestled his way between her breasts until her cleavage engulfed him. It was necessary to reach her lips. Wrapping her arms around his neck, Emily returned his kiss as she felt her breasts expand around him.

SHUCK!

SHUCK!

SHUCK!

The milking machine started to labor. Not only was her lactation overpowering the pump, but her nipples were swelling out of the cups and blocking the hoses.

“*J-Jon...!! I’m getting too...big for them!! I’m making too much milk!*”

He didn’t respond and instead reached a hand out of her cleavage. It sank into the top of an engorging udder, massaging Emily to help stimulate growth.

“*NNNNGH!!!! You’re making them swell faster!! T-They’re so...sensitive!!!*”

Emily’s pussy gushed and contracted around him. Being ravaged by the virus had turned her body into a pleasure palace. Everything had been enhanced, and lucky for Jon, he knew all of her buttons.

GUUUURRRRRGLE

“*M-Mmmngh!! Jon!!*” Emily cried out. Her nipples felt ready to explode from the suction cups. “*I can’t!!*”

His thrusting jostled her chest up and down. Every pump of his cock sent waves through her bust and milk. Skin pressed against their cheeks. Streams of leaking milk ran over their sides to pool in Emily’s cleavage.

“*I-I...I can’t!! My boobs!! They’re going to get... They’re going to...*” Emily panted as he kissed her sternum and soft, bloated skin. Her milk flourished to new heights as intense bloating overcame her. “*M-M-Make me bloat up!! Make me bigger!!*”

SHUCK!!!

SHUCK!!!

SHUCK!!!

Jon doubled his efforts and began ramming Emily's pelvis as skin bloated over the bed. He lay trapped between her chest like a toy, only able to massage and plunge his member in and out as milk gushed around him.

"The hoses!!! My nipples are...getting too big!!! I'M TOO BLOATED!!!" Emily screamed in short gasps. An orgasm had been bubbling within her body for weeks. It was ready for release. *"Jon!!! I feel like... I feel like I'm going to..."*

GUUUUUURRRRRRGLE

"Mmmngh!!! Oh GOD!! P-Pump me up!! Please!! Pump me up!! Bloat my tits!! Make them FULL!! As full as you WANT!!"

GUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRGLE

Milk surged. Emily's udders bulged over the side of the bed. Neither of them could hold themselves back much longer.

"I-I'm gonna come!! I'm gonna come!!" Emily hugged Jon into her chest when everything tightened and swelled. *"I CAN'T HOLD IT!!!!"*

CRACK!!!

BWOOOOOSH!!!!

"AAHHHHUUUGHH!!!"

The cups ruptured around her coffee can-sized nipples when an orgasm shot through Emily's body. Pushing milk out of her chest, the ceiling was doused in a fountain of dairy as she screamed. It rained down upon them to mix with the sweat of sex and love.

Once reduced to a gasping heap, Emily stared at the titanic breasts pushing her bed to the limit. They remained large despite the hundreds of gallons of milk released moments ago. Jon looked up from her cleavage with a satisfied expression.

"J-Jon..." she whimpered. *"I think I might need a bigger milk pump..."*

SLOOOSH

"Mmmngh!!! Oooohhh careful!! They're still sensitive!! You'll make them bloat!! A-And I don't have a pump now!!!"

Jon inched his way out of the top of her chest to spy a quivering nipple laden with dairy.

"J-Jon...?" Emily squeaked, watching her caretaker reach for her nipple.

He grabbed hold of the nozzle with both hands, causing her to writhe in delight. Bringing his mouth toward it, he promised, *"You won't need another pump so long as I'm here."*